

**PDC**

**SEPTEMBER**  
**no. 44**

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# DAREDEVIL



10¢ *The Greatest*  *in Comics*

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



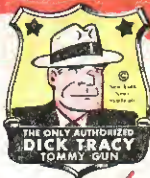
Here's  
News About  
a Sensational  
**FREE**  
Offer to  
DICK TRACY Fans

# GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN

that LOOKS and SOUNDS  
just like the real McCoy!

**\$3.79**  
POSTPAID

FOR A LIMITED  
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT  
RAPID-FIRE  
TRIGGER  
ACTION  
TAT-TAT**

**Be Sure You Get  
the One and Only  
Authorized  
DICK TRACY  
Tommy Gun**

- \* Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- \* Regulated automatic repeater action.
- \* All-metal, precision-cast, hand-cast copper alloy.
- \* Real gun-metal finish.
- \* Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- \* Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

*Over 20 Inches long*

## NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy Gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

## THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

**PARENTS:** Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

**MAIL MANDY  
COUPON NOW**

**PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-187**  
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

### CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid.  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.  
(Prices in Canada add 50c. No C.O.D.s.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**Free!**

**A Thrilling Episode  
in the Lives of  
SECRET AGENT X-28  
and His Son JIMMY**

**GET THOSE HANDS  
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"  
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!**

**NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60  
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE  
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE  
FORMULA. OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!**

**WHAT'S  
THIS?**

**OKAY, KID. ONLY BE  
CAREFUL WITH THAT  
THING. IT MIGHT GO OFF.**

**WELL, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE  
NOW, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.**

**WELL, I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE  
NOW, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.**

**MURDER, OPERATOR. SEND  
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET  
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT  
RIGHT AWAY!**

**I HAVE TO HAND  
IT TO YOU,  
JUNIOR. THAT  
WAS CERTAINLY  
FAST THINKING.**

**IT'S LUCKY I  
HAD THIS DICK  
TRACY TOMMY  
GUN WITH ME.  
IT LOOKS SO  
MUCH LIKE THE  
REAL THING, IT  
DOES MAKE  
PEOPLE**

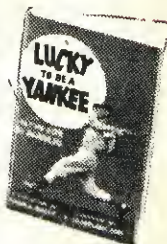
**YOU MEAN  
TO SAY THAT  
TOMMY GUN  
ISN'T REAL?  
WHY, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!**

**YES, KIDS.  
THIS DICK TRACY  
TOMMY GUN LOOKS  
SO REAL YOU  
WON'T BELIEVE  
IT'S FAKED. NO  
IMAGINE...YOU CAN  
GET ONE EXACTLY  
LIKE IT FOR ONLY  
\$3.79 IF YOU  
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!**

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY  
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP**

...even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

# JOE DIMAGGIO'S OWN STORY!



● Now he rose from the sandlots of San Francisco to "tops" in Big League Baseball!

● What happened in the most exciting moments of the past 10 years of the game!

● True facts and inside stories about 150 of the stars Joe has played with and against!

● What was said and scrapped over in hotel rooms, locker rooms and dugouts!

● Famous throws, hits, and "tight spots," described by the player who was IN them!

● PLUS — A wonderful section crammed with Joe's own secrets of fielding, swatting, and **WINNING THE GAME!**

## The Smash-Hit Baseball Story of the Year!

**H**ERE is the baseball fan's thrill of a lifetime — the action-packed, intimate story of "Jolting Joe" DiMaggio, "The Yankee Clipper"—**TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS!**

Everyone, young and old, who has ever thrown or swatted the horsehide — every rooter who has ever yelled himself hoarse over a game — every real American who gets a tremendous kick out of Joe's great book, "Lucky To Be A Yankee." Here IS Baseball! — as real, as crackling, as exciting as a stinger to right field!

Joe pulls no punches—on himself or anyone else. He tells his mistakes as well as his triumphs

He takes you into the dugouts and out on the diamond with scores of the greatest players who ever held a mitt. Grandstands are jammed, bases loaded, and you are right THERE with Joe, seeing the game through DiMaggio's eyes and living it with him every breathless moment!

### HOW TO HIT AND FIELD

What a book!—244 pages, with many pictures of Baseball's greatest stars. What's more — Joe has written one whole section telling *his own* secrets of Hitting and Out-fielding, Choosing a Bat, How to Stand at the Plate, Timing, the Swing, Picking Your Hints, the Grip, Bunting, Runs and Slides, Catching Flies—exactly the things you'd want Joe himself to tell you.

Grantland-Rice has written the Foreword to "Lucky To Be A Yankee" and James A. Farley the Introduction. It even has special pages for players' autographs.

### ★ 34 PHOTOS OF STARS ★

Those Ordering the \$2.00 Edition, Will Find the Book Personally Autographed By Joe DiMaggio.

### "INSIDE DOPE" ON 150 GREAT PLAYERS, INCLUDING:

Ernie Bonham  
Lou Boudreau  
Tommy Bridges  
Spud Chandler  
Mort Cooper  
Joe Cronin  
Dizzy Dean  
Bill Dickey  
Dom DiMaggio  
Vince DiMaggio  
Bob Feller  
Jimmy Fox  
Lou Gehrig  
Lefty Gomez

Hank Greenberg  
Lefty Grove  
Mel Harder  
Carl Hubbell  
Joe Jackson  
Walter Johnson  
Ken Keltner  
Joe Medwick  
Bobo Newsome  
Mel Ott  
Babe Ruth  
Al Simmons  
Ted Williams  
Rudy York

PLEASE RUSH CHECK, CASH, OR M. O. AT ONCE.

### MACE SATTER L-61

250 W. 85th St., N. Y. 24, N. Y.

Phone rush me at once "Lucky To Be A Yankee" by Joe DiMaggio, in

☐ Paper Cover Edition, \$1.00—Postpaid

☐ Dr. Luxe Clothbound Edition, \$2.00—Postpaid

NAME .....

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### WHAT OTHER BIG LEAGUERS SAY ABOUT JOE DIMAGGIO:

"One of the great outfielders of all time."—Branch Rickey

"The greatest break I ever got as a pitcher was that Joe was on my side."—Lefty Gomez

"I have managed a lot of great ball players, and Joe is one of the greatest."—Joe McCarthy

"In my opinion Joe does everything pertaining to Baseball in the right way."—Connie Mack

"He is as good a ball player as ever put on a spiked shoe."—Joe Cronin

"Joe DiMaggio keeps alive the Murderer's Row reputation of the Yankees."—Babe Ruth

# DAREDEVIL

## and the LITTLE WISE GUYS

GOOD SHOOTIN' RUFF! YA GOT THE NO GOOD GO!!!N!!

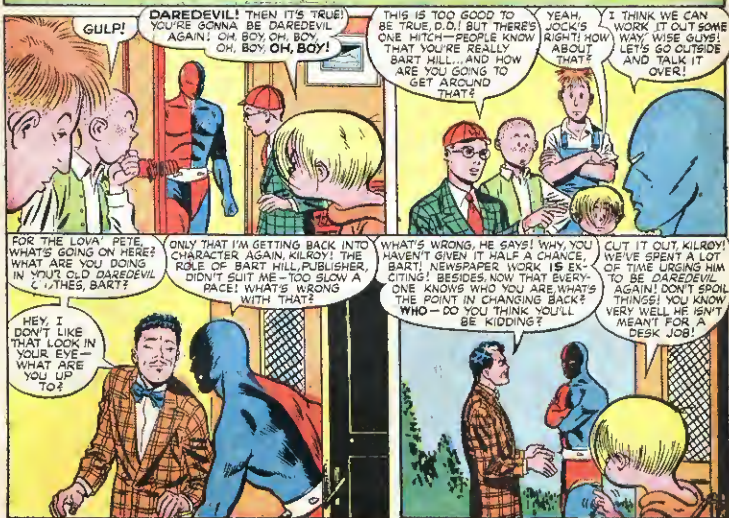
IT AIN'T TRUE! IT CAN'T BE!

OH, NO! NO! NO!

IN THE LAST ISSUE I SAID, "WHAT GOES ON? CAN IT BE? IS DAREDEVIL GOING TO STAY IN HIS COSTUME? IF SO, WHAT ABOUT HIS IDENTITY, NOW THAT EVERYONE KNOWS WHO HE REALLY IS—AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE DAREDEVIL PRESS?" BLUSHINGLY I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT AT THAT WRITING, I DIDN'T EXACTLY KNOW MYSELF! MANY FRIENDS HAVE ASKED ME, "WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU JUST COULDN'T FIGURE A WAY OUT OF A PRESSING SITUATION OF DAREDEVIL'S?" THE ANSWER IS, THAT IT HAPPENS TO BE A RATHER SIMPLE AFFAIR! BECAUSE OF DAREDEVIL'S NATURAL PERSONALITY, THE STORIES LITERALLY WRITE THEMSELVES, AND THAT GOES NOT ONLY FOR HIM, BUT THE LITTLE WISE GUYS AND EVERY OTHER CHARACTER THAT APPEARS WITH HIM. WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE PROBLEM—THAT IS, PUTTING DAREDEVIL BACK INTO COSTUME LOGICALLY WAS, INSTEAD, A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE, AND THIS STORY IS THE RESULT!

*Charles Biro*

story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**



GULP!

DAREDEVIL! THEN IT'S TRUE! YOU'RE GONNA BE DAREDEVIL AGAIN! OH, BOY, OH, BOY, OH, BOY, OH, BOY!

THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, D.D., BUT THERE'S ONE HITCH—PEOPLE KNOW THAT YOU'RE REALLY BART HILL... AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET AROUND THAT?

YEAH, JOCK'S RIGHT! HOW ABOUT THAT?

I THINK WE CAN WORK IT OUT SOME WAY, WISE GUYS! LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND TALK IT OVER!

FOR THE LOVA' PETE, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN YOUR OLD DAREDEVIL COSTUME, BART?

ONLY THAT I'M GETTING BACK INTO CHARACTER, AGAIN, KILROY! THE ROLE OF BART HILL, PUBLISHER, DIDN'T SUIT ME—TOO SLOW A PACE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?

WHAT'S WRONG, HE SAYS! WHY YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN HALF A CHANCE, BART! NEWSPAPER WORK IS EXCITING! BESIDES, NOW THAT EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE, WHAT'S THE POINT IN CHANGING BACK? WHO—DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE KIDDING?

CUT IT OUT, KILROY! WE'VE SPENT A LOT OF TIME URGING HIM TO BE DAREDEVIL AGAIN! DON'T SPOIL THINGS! YOU KNOW VERY WELL HE ISN'T MEANT FOR A DESK JOB!

HEY, I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE—WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?





THE WISE GUYS ARE RIGHT! I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR A SOFT DESK JOB! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH NEWS-PAPER WORK! IT'S FINE, BUT IT JUST DOESN'T FIT THE BILL FOR US! I'VE SEEN TOO MANY GUYS GET SOFT LIVING LIKE THAT—FIRST THEY SWELL UP AROUND THE MIDDLE! THEN THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THEY'RE MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN! NO THANKS, I'M NOT READY FOR THAT YET!



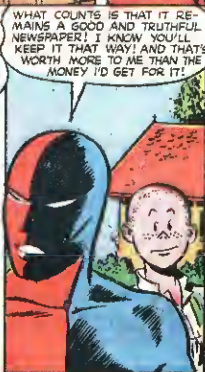
IT ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY TO CHANGE BACK, BUT IT CAN BE DONE! IT MEANS GETTING RID OF EVERYTHING I HAVE—MY PROPERTY, THE NEWSPAPER, AND STARTING OUT FRESH UNDER A NEW NAME!

I SURE HATE TO SEE YOU BACK OUT ON THE DAREDEVIL PRESS—BUT I GUESS GRIMES WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT!



HE'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE, BECAUSE I'M NOT SELLING OUT! I'M GIVING IT AWAY—TO YOU, KILROY! IT'S YOURS, FOR KEEPS! I KNOW HOW YOU STAND ON IMPORTANT ISSUES! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS TO ME! STICK TO YOUR GUNS, KILROY!

YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME AFTER ALL YOU'VE INVESTED IN IT? YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

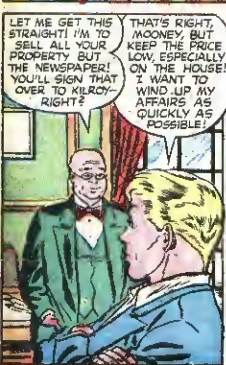


WHAT COUNTS IS THAT IT REMAINS A GOOD AND TRUTHFUL NEWSPAPER! I KNOW YOU'LL KEEP IT THAT WAY! AND THAT'S WORTH MORE TO ME THAN THE MONEY I'D GET FOR IT!



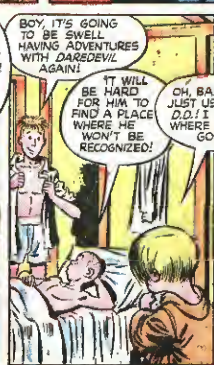
AFTER I CLEAR UP A FEW THINGS, THE WISE GUYS AND I ARE GOING TO STRIKE OUT FOR A PLACE WHERE BART HILL WON'T BE RECOGNIZED! WHEN YOU SEE MOONEY, OUR BUSINESS MANAGER, TELL HIM TO COME TO MY HOUSE!

I'M GONNA MISS YOU, D.D., AND YOU, TOO, WISE GUYS!



LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT! I'M TO SELL ALL YOUR PROPERTY BUT THE NEWSPAPER! YOU'LL SIGN THAT OVER TO KILROY—RIGHT?

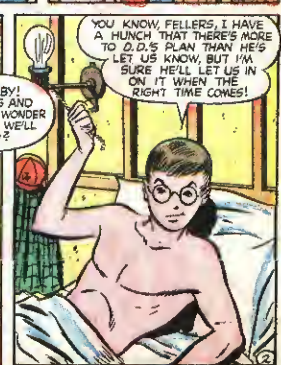
THAT'S RIGHT, MOONEY, BUT KEEP THE PRICE LOW, ESPECIALLY ON THE HOUSE! I WANT TO WIND UP MY AFFAIRS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



BOY, IT'S GOING TO BE SWELL HAVING ADVENTURES WITH DAREDEVIL AGAIN!

IT WILL BE HARD FOR HIM TO FIND A PLACE WHERE HE WON'T BE RECOGNIZED!

OH, BABY! JUST US AND D.D.! I WONDER WHERE WE'LL GO?



YOU KNOW, FELLERS, I HAVE A HUNCH THAT THERE'S MORE TO D.D.'S PLAN THAN HE'S LET US KNOW, BUT I'M SURE HE'LL LET US IN ON IT WHEN THE RIGHT TIME COMES!



HOLY CATS, BUZZY! GET A LOAD OF THIS!

AW, WHAT'S THE USE OF LOOKIN' AT NEWSPAPERS, FINGERES WHAT DO I CARE WHAT'S GOIN' ON OUTSIDE WHEN I'M STICK IN THIS LOUSY JOINT FOR NINE MORE YEARS!



AW, C'MERE, AN' TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, BUZZY! YOU'LL CARE PLENTY WHEN YOU SEE THIS! WASN'T IT DAREDEVIL THAT GOT WISE TO YOUR STOLEN CAR RACKET AND HAD YOU SENT UP?

YEAH—THE DIRTY ~~SCOTCH~~!! HE BUSTED UP A NICE RACKET I HAD, AN' I AIN'T FORGETTIN' IT! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH WHAT YOU'RE READIN'?



PLENTY! HERE—TAKE A GANDER!



YA MEAN THIS FANCY PANTS CHARACTER IS DAREDEVIL? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHY, HE'S ONLY A KID! SOMEBODY'S CRAZY! THAT DAREDEVIL'S A TOUGH COOKIE, AN' I OUGHTA KNOW—I TANGLED WITH HIM!

IT SAYS SO RIGHT THERE IN PRINT, DOESN'T IT? WHAT MORE PROOF DO YOU WANT?



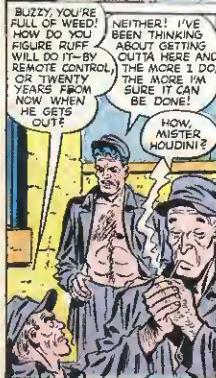
HOT DIGS—HERE COMES RUFF NELSON! DAREDEVIL NAILED HIM, TOO, ON A BANK STICK-UP! WAIT TILL HE GETS AN EYEFUL OF THIS—HEY, RUFF!

I BOIL WHEN I HEAR "DAREDEVIL" IMAGINE LETTIN' A YOUNG PUNK LIKE HIM OUT-SMART ME! I'D LIKE TO...



NAH! THIS CAN'T BE DAREDEVIL! NO YOUNG PUNK LIKE HIM COUL'DVE PUT ME AND THREE OF MY BOYS TO SLEEP!

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HOW WOULD YA LIKE TO EVEN THE SCORE WITH THAT GUY?



BUZZY, YOU'RE FULL OF WEED! HOW DO YOU FIGURE RUFF WILL DO IT—BY REMOTE CONTROL, OR TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW WHEN HE GETS OUT?

NEITHER! I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND THE MORE I DO, THE MORE I'M SURE I'M BEING DONE!

HOW, MISTER HOUDINI?



I'VE GOT A BIG, FAT ACE UP MY SLEEVE! FOR ONE THING, I'VE GOT A MAP OF THE PRISON AN' A COMPLETE SCHEDULE OF WHEN THE GUARDS ARE CHANGED—AN' THAT AIN'T ALL...

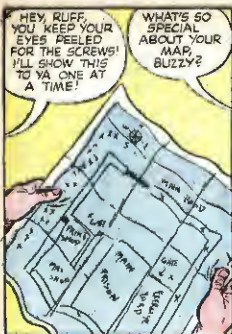
WHAT'S SO ORIGINAL ABOUT THAT? HALF OF THE MUGS IN THIS JOINT HAVE MAPS! A LOTTA GOOD IT DOES 'EM! NO ONE'S EVER BUSTED OUT YET! THE LAST ONES TO TRY BACK IN '37 WERE PLUGGED BEFORE THEY GOT TEN FEET!



SEE IF YOU GUYS CAN GET SEATS NEXT TO ME AT MESS, AN' I'LL TELL YOU MORE!

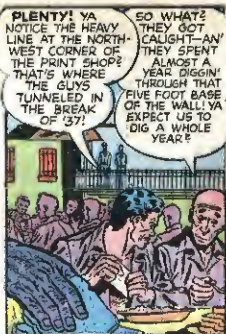
WATCH IT, BUZZY, THE SCREW!





HEY, RUFF,  
YOU KEEP YOUR  
EYES PEELED  
FOR THE SCREWS!  
I'LL SHOW THIS  
TO YA ONE AT  
A TIME!

WHAT'S SO  
SPECIAL  
ABOUT YOUR  
MAP, BUZZY?



PLENTY! YA  
NOTICE THE HEAVY  
LINE AT THE NORTH-  
WEST CORNER OF  
THE PRINT SHOP?  
THAT'S WHERE  
THE GUYS  
TUNNELED IN  
THE BREAK  
OF '37!

SO WHAT?  
THEY GOT  
CAUGHT—AN'  
THEY SPENT  
ALMOST A  
YEAR DIGGIN'  
THROUGH THAT  
FIVE FOOT BASE  
OF THE WALL! YA  
EXPECT US TO  
DIG A WHOLE  
YEAR?



WHAT YA DON'T KNOW  
IS THAT THE WALL  
WASN'T REPAIRED  
RIGHT! THE CEMENT  
THEY USED WASN'T  
MIXED RIGHT AN'  
INSTEAD OF BEIN'  
FIVE FEET THICK, IT'S  
ONLY ABOUT A FOOT  
WIDE IN THE PART  
UNDERGROUND!

BUZZY, YOU'RE  
A GENIUS! IN  
THAT CASE WE  
COULD DIG OUT  
IN NO TIME AT  
ALL! CHEESE  
IT, A SCREW!



ALL WE HAVE TO  
DO IS GET JOBS IN  
THE PRINT SHOP AT  
THE SAME TIME—  
WE CAN TAKE TURNS  
DIGGING—THERE'S A  
SEWER OUTLET IN  
THE SHOP WHERE WE  
CAN DUMP THE DIRT  
AS WE TAKE IT  
OUT! WHAT DO  
YOU SAY?

I'M  
FOR  
IT!

ME,  
TOO!



GOOD! IT'S A  
DEAL, AN' THE  
FIRST THING WE  
DO WHEN WE  
GET OUT IS TO  
WIPE OUT THIS  
HILL GUY! IT  
OUGHTA BE A  
CINCH WITH HIM  
SITTIN' BEHIND  
A DESK!

SURE, BUZZY!  
HEY, I WAS  
JUST THINKIN'—  
WHAT ARE WE  
GONNA DIG WITH—  
HOW ABOUT  
SPOONS AN'  
FORKS?



BUZZY SURE IS  
HOPPED UP ON  
THE IDEA OF  
KNOCKING OFF  
DAREDEVIL! ITS  
ALL HE EVER  
TALKS  
ABOUT!

I WOULDN'T  
MIND BUMPING  
HIM OFF MY-  
SELF, BUT IT  
AIN'T MY LIFE'S  
AMBITION! I'M  
MORE INTERESTED  
IN BUSTING  
OUT!



PSST! BUZZY TIME  
FOR THE GUARD TO  
SHOW UP! WE'D  
BETTER KNOCK OFF  
FOR AWHILE!

OKAY—BE  
RIGHT UP! WE  
GOT ANOTHER  
INCH MORE DUG  
TODAY!



HERE, RUFF, DUMP  
THIS DIRT OUTTA MY  
SHIRT, QUICK! I WANT  
TO GET BACK  
INTO IT BEFORE  
THAT SNOOPY  
SCREW GETS  
BACK!

BRUSH  
OFF YOUR  
HAIR! I'VE GOT  
DIRT IN IT, TOO!  
OLD SNOOPY  
MIGHT GET WISE  
IF HE SPOTTED  
IT!



SWEET ADELINE...  
♪♪♪  
MY ADELINE...  
♪♪♪

GIMME  
MY SHIRT,  
QUICK!

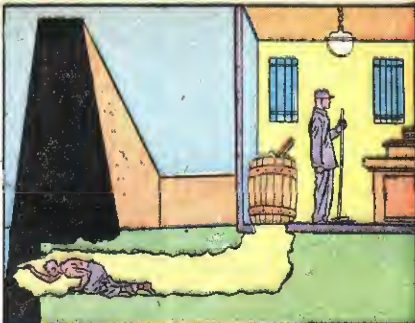
WAIT! I  
SHAKE THE  
DIRT OUT!





IF HE EVER NOTICES  
BUZZY'S DIRTY SHIRT,  
WE'RE SUNK!

SHH...DON'T ACT  
NERVOUS OR HE  
WILL GET  
SUSPICIOUS!



DAYLIGHT! WE  
MADE IT! I KNEW  
I WAS RIGHT!  
ZOWIE!



PUFF! PUFF!  
I'VE BROKEN  
THROUGH! PUFF!  
I JUST SAW  
DAYLIGHT!

ON THE LEVEL?  
THEN WHAT ARE  
WE WAITING  
FOR?

OH, BABY!  
LET'S SHOVE  
OFF NOW! I  
WANT  
OUT!



DON'T GET EXCITED! WE CAN'T LEAVE  
TILL FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE GUARD  
COMES THROUGH! THAT ALLOWS US  
JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET OUT THE  
OTHER END, AS THE WALL GUARD  
'IS CHANGED! WE'LL STAND A BETTER  
CHANCE OF REACHING COVER  
WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



YA THINK WE'LL  
MAKE IT? WHAT  
IF THE GUARD  
COMES BACK FOR  
A RE-CHECK?

HE NEVER DID  
BEFORE! WHY  
SHOULD HE THIS  
TIME? QUIT  
WORRYING!

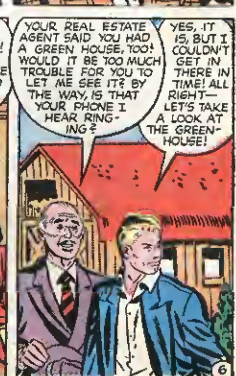


THE COAST'S CLEAR!  
STICK CLOSE TO THE  
WALL TILL WE REACH  
THE CORNER! THEN  
RUN FOR THE  
WOODS!

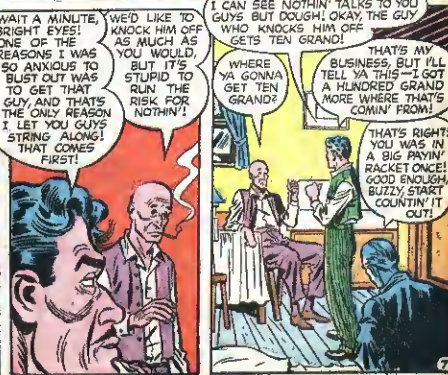
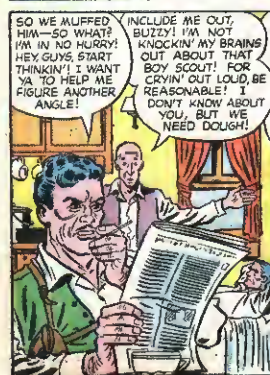
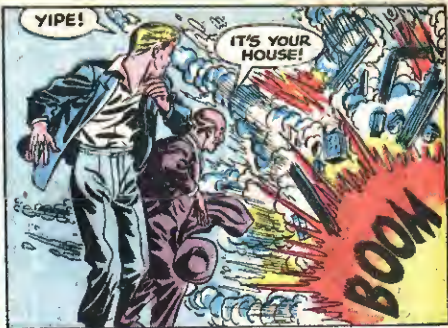


JUST A FEW SECONDS  
MORE AN' WE'LL BE  
SAFE! LADY LUCK  
STAY WITH ME!

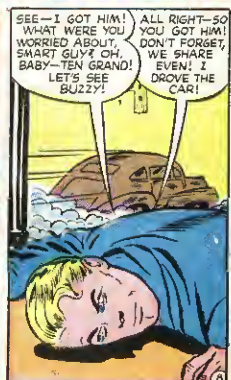
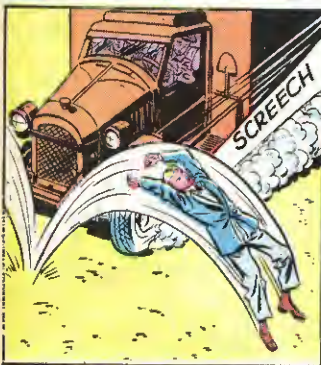












THIS SURE IS MY LUCKY DAY!  
NOW THEY EVER MISSED ME I'LL  
NEVER KNOW--THEY MUST'VE  
GONE STALE SITTING IN STIR!

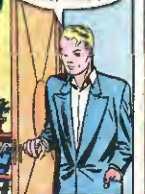


HOT DOG!  
I JUST  
THOUGHT OF SOME-  
THING!

BART! WHAT  
HAPPENED? ARE  
YOU HURT?



HECK, NO! JUST A  
LITTLE SHAKY! MY  
THREE LITTLE FRIENDS  
ARE AT IT AGAIN! TRIED  
A BIT OF MACHINE  
GUN PRACTICE WITH  
ME AS THEIR TARGET!  
THEY THINK THEY'VE  
SUCCEEDED THIS  
TIME--NOW GET  
THIS, KILROY!



I WANT YOU TO  
RUN A SPECIAL  
EDITION FEATURING  
MY DEATH! DO A  
BANG-UP JOB! BIG  
HEADLINES, "BART  
HILL MURDERED!"  
I'LL GIVE YOU ALL  
THE DETAILS!



YOU MEAN A  
FAKE MORTUARY!  
YOU MUST BE  
KIDDING, BART!  
IT WOULD  
NEVER HOLD  
UP!



I'M ON THE LEVEL! IT CAN'T MISS IF  
WE DO IT RIGHT! TO MAKE IT REAL  
AUTHENTIC CALL THE HOBERT FUNERAL  
HOME AND HAVE THEM PICK UP MY  
"BODY" HERE! I KNOW MR. HOBERT,  
HE'LL DO IT! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE  
TO TRAP BUZZY AND HIS  
PALS! AND DISPOSE OF  
BART HILL ONCE  
AND FOR ALL!



YOU'RE  
THE BOSS! I  
HOPE YOU'RE  
RIGHT!

I DID IT! I  
POLISHED HIM  
OFF WITH THE  
TOMMIE! HE'S DEAD  
AS A MACKEREL!  
O.K., BUZZY, GET IT  
UP! WHERE'S  
MY TEN  
GRAND?



SLOW DOWN! I  
WANT MORE  
PROOF! WHEN  
DID YOU DO  
IT? HOW ARE  
YOU SURE  
HE'S DEAD?

WHAT  
D'YA MEAN  
YOUR TEN  
GRAND!



PROVE IT? YA KNOW,  
BUZZY, I DON'T LIKE  
BEIN' CALLED A LIAR!  
LISTEN TO THAT PAPER  
BOY! WHAT DOES  
THAT SOUND LIKE!  
HEY, BOY!



EXTRA!  
EXTRA!  
BART HILL  
KILLED BY  
GANGSTERS!



WELL, HOW  
ABOUT IT,  
BUZZY--YA  
SATISFIED  
NOW?

IT MIGHT BE A SLEEPER!  
HE'S A SHARP CHARACTER!  
I GOTTA SEE HIM DEAD  
WITH MY OWN EYES  
BEFORE I PAY OFF  
TEN G'S!



WHAT? ARE  
YOU NUTS? HOW  
DO YOU FIGURE  
ON DOIN' THAT?  
EVERY COPPER IN  
TH' CITY WILL BE  
AT HIS FUNERAL!



YEAH, YEAH,  
I KNOW ALL  
THAT! BUT  
IT STILL  
CAN BE  
DONE! WHY  
WAIT TILL THE  
FUNERAL?

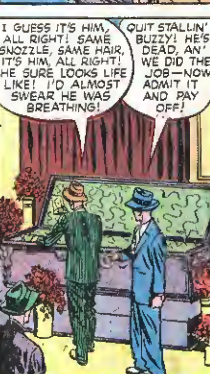
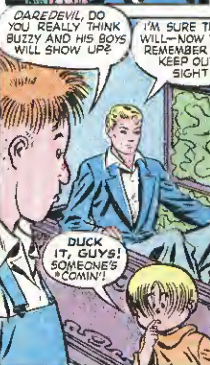


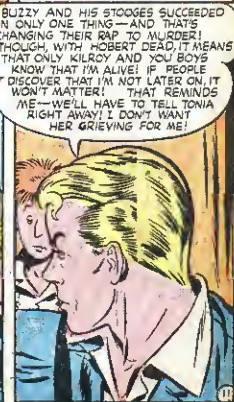
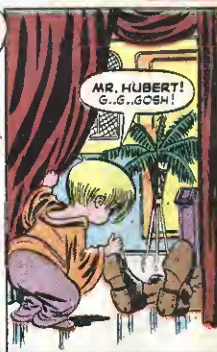
THE PAPER SAYS HE'S AT THE HOBERT  
FUNERAL HOME! WE CAN SNEAK IN  
TOMORROW MORNING BEFORE THE  
FUNERAL! I'M NOT RAYIN' OFF  
UNLESS I SEE HIS CORPSE  
WITH MY OWN EYES!



OKAY!  
OKAY!  
HAVE IT  
YOUR  
WAY!



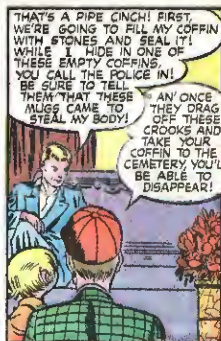






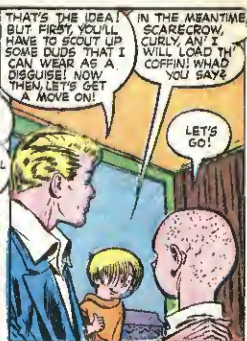


BUT BART, THERE'S ONE POINT I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FUNERAL WHEN YOU'RE STILL ALIVE? THE PALBEARERS WOULD KNOW IF THE COFFIN IS EMPTY—AND HOW DO YOU PLAN TO LEAVE HERE WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED?



THAT'S A PIPE CINC! FIRST, WE'RE GOING TO FILL MY COFFIN WITH STONES AND SEAL IT! WHILE I HIDE IN ONE OF THESE EMPTY COFFINS, YOU CALL THE POLICE IN! BE SURE TO TELL THEM THAT THESE MUGS CAME TO STEAL MY BODY!

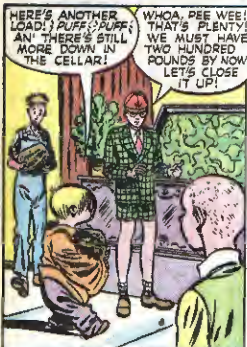
AN' ONCE THEY DRAG OFF THESE CROOKS AND TAKE YOUR COFFIN TO THE CEMETERY, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DISAPPEAR!



THAT'S THE IDEA! BUT FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO SCOUT UP SOME DUDS THAT I CAN WEAR AS A DISGUISE! NOW THEN, LET'S GET A MOVE ON!

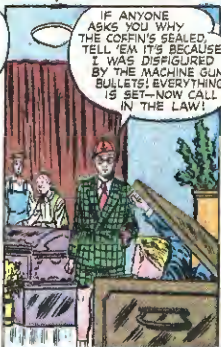
IN THE MEANTIME, SCARECROW, CURLY, AN' I WILL LOAD TH' COFFIN! WHAD YOU SAY?

LET'S GO!



HERE'S ANOTHER LOAD! PUFF! PUFF! AN' THERE'S STILL MORE DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

WHOA, PEE WEE! THAT'S PLENTY! WE MUST HAVE TWO HUNDRED POUNDS BY NOW! LET'S CLOSE IT UP!



IF ANYONE ASKS YOU WHY THE COFFIN'S SEALED, TELL 'EM IT'S BECAUSE I WAS DISFIGURED BY THE MACHINE GUN BULLETS! EVERYTHING IS SET—NOW CALL IN THE LAW!



OFFICER! OFFICER! YOU'D BETTER COME IN HERE WITH SOME OF YOUR MEN!

SAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE PEE WEE?



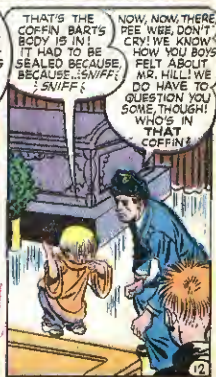
THEY CAME TO STEAL BART HILL'S BODY! THEY KILLED HOBERT WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP THEM! WE KNOCKED THEM OUT WITH OUR BOOMERANGS! BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH!

THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S EXACTLY THE WAY IT HAPPENED!



I CAN RECOGNIZE THE BIG BOY—IT'S BUZZY BAILEY! THESE ARE THE THREE CONS THAT BROKE OUT OF THE STATE PEN! BUT WHAT WOULD THEY BE WANTIN' BART HILL'S BODY FOR?

I'VE GOT TO GIVE YOU BOYS CREDIT—BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS—WHAT YOU KIDS WERE DOING HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! WHICH IS HILL'S COFFIN?



THAT'S THE COFFIN BART'S BODY IS IN! IT HAD TO BE SEALED BECAUSE BECAUSE...SNIFF! SNIFF!

NOW, NOW, THERE PEE WEE, DON'T CRY! WE KNOW HOW YOU BOYS FELT ABOUT MR. HILL! WE DO HAVE TO QUESTION YOU SOME, THOUGH! WHO'S IN THAT COFFIN?



OH, THIS? THIS IS JUST AN EMPTY ONE!

WE HOPE THIS WON'T DELAY THE FUNERAL, WILL IT? I...I...THINK D.D. WOULD WANT IT, TO GO ON!



THE KID'S RIGHT! IT SHOULD BE STARTING NOW! BROWN, YOU TELL THE PAIR BEARERS TO MAKE READY WHILE I CALL THE STATION HOUSE FOR THE WAGON TO HAUL OFF THOSE MURDERING RATS!

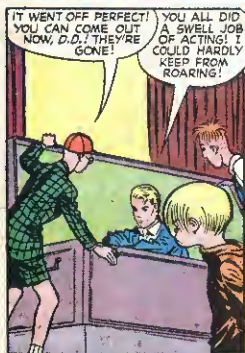
THIS IS A SAD DAY FOR FRIENDS OF THE LAW! HIS MEMORY WILL ALWAYS BE A GREAT INSPIRATION TO US ALL!



ARE YOU BOYS COMING TO THE SERVICE?

N.N..NO! WE CAN'T! SOB'S STAND THE THOUGHT OF SEEIN' H. HIM BURIED! SOB'S! SOB'S!

WE UNDERSTAND! YOU WANT TO REMEMBER HIM AS HE WAS-A GREAT MAN!



IT WENT OFF PERFECT! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, D.D.! THEY'RE GONE!

YOU ALL DID A SWELL JOB OF ACTING! I COULD HARDLY KEEP FROM ROARING!



NOW WE CAN MOSEY AROUND AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND FOR YOU TO WEAR AS A DISGUISE!

GOOD BOY, SCARECROW, BUT LET'S NOT BE TOO FUSSY! I WONDER WHERE HOBERT KEPT HIS DUDS?



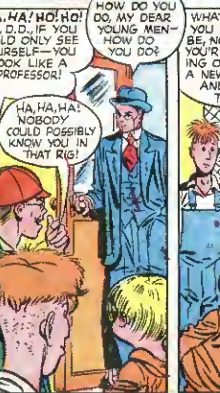
I DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK—HOW DID YOU BOYS MAKE OUT?

NOT TOO GOOD—THAT IS, YOU WON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A FASHION PLATE BUT IT'S MR. HOBERT'S STUFF! HERE, TAKE 'EM!



BE SET FOR A SURPRISE, WISE GUYS, AND YOU'D BETTER BRACE YOURSELVES!

HEY, D.D., OPEN UP! WE FOUND A PAIR OF GLASSES—AN A HAT, JUST THE RIGHT FINAL TOUCH!



HA, HA! HO! HO! OH, D.D., IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE YOURSELF—YOU LOOK LIKE A PROFESSOR!

HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR YOUNG MEN—HOW DO YOU DO?

HA, HA, HA! NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY KNOW YOU IN THAT RIG!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, NOW THAT YOU'RE STARTING OUT WITH A NEW NAME AND ALL THAT?

HA, HA! I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING! TELL US, WHO WILL YOU BE FROM NOW ON? WHAT'S YOUR NEW NAME GONNA BE?

WHO SAID I LOOKED LIKE A PROFESSOR—OH, YES, JOCK! O.K., FOR THE TIME BEING, CALL ME THE PROFESSOR—OH, WHAT'S THE DIFF—WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

THE END



# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

**\$2.00** FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2.00**

## Dear Readers:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL COMICS we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law, who daily risk their lives, that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

Franklin D. Roosevelt said, "The light of Democracy must be kept burning," and Daredevil comics is giving it the fuel. Your comic symbolizes the ideals of America. Many people think comics are for children, but if everyone read Daredevil, this country would be a perfect one. Your comic is a feast of good reading.

Sincerely yours, Donald Hagen  
1037 Bergen St., Brooklyn 16, N. Y.

So is your letter, Don.

In your May issue, number 42, you have printed an incident which I wish to be cleared up on. I am an ardent camera fan and have a small flash camera. The reporter that exposed Daredevil's identity took a picture of him changing clothes outside at night without a flash attachment and also took a picture of him in the shower without a flash or time exposure on his camera. Please print an answer in "What's On Your Mind?"

Jack Williams, Jr., 632 S. Coit St.  
Florence, South Carolina

Granted that it was our artist's lack of photographic knowledge which caused this boner, he could still claim to be right. On careful investigation, we've discovered that for special jobs, professional photographers frequently hypersensitize a small area of their film with mercury. There are other gimmicks which can achieve this same end, any one of which Kilroy may have been using.

I am a girl of 17 and like interesting people, not big movie stars or singers, but a character named Daredevil. Lots of girls my age go to the movies to see their favorites, but as for me, give me a Daredevil story by a warm fire. I think your May issue was most interesting.

Sincerely yours, M. J. Charette  
763 4th Avenue, Berlin, N. H.

Don't the male readers all wish they were Daredevil? Thanks, M. J.

This may sound funny, but it is true. I am a veteran. When I came back, I considered trying for some easy money, which can lead one down the crooked road. In the nick of time, I happened to cross my sister's magazine, Daredevil, which sufficiently proved to me that crime does not pay. I promptly

got myself a job. It doesn't pay much, but it's better than getting into something crooked and spending time in jail. I owe my thanks to you for getting me on the right side of the law.

Yours Sincerely, James O'Connor  
St. Louis, Missouri

Solid, Jackson, and three rousing cheers.

Your magazine, "Daredevil Comics," has taken a place in my son's life. It is a friend, indeed, and I find it has taken its place in my hands very often. Besides being educational, it has brought a great deal of fun and pleasure to our house.

A Friend indeed, Mrs. Leona Hackmore  
31 N. Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa.

Your letter has brought pleasure to our house.

I have found your Daredevil Comics the most desirable for my son. Most of the others have such horrible, fantastic pictures that it is no wonder many children sleep with their heads under the covers. Yours for more and better comics and we welcome yours in our home.

Mrs. E. M. Stover  
Conrad, Iowa

We have found comics in general to be greatly improved. They are very unlike their early fore-runners, many of whose stock in trade was blood and gore and the formula, a murder on every page.

I'd like to thank you for a mighty fine magazine. Recently, I made a talk in Speech Class about juvenile delinquency, and your Daredevil stories helped me to get an "A," and fine comments from other students on my speech.

Sincere, Sylvia Stees  
545 Lynn Street, Peoria 5, Ill.

Here's another "A" for your letter, Sylvia.

I think Daredevil is the best sold. The reason I like it is because, even though it's not true, it seems like it is. It is written in a simple manner that is not as complicated as other comics I have read. I understand it plainly, one thing for which I am very grateful.

Yours truly, Ann Michael  
2788 Peachtr. Rd. N.E., Atlanta, Ga.

Thank you kindly, Charles Biro.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. Letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, and we reserve the right to edit same. Address letters to: DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

# DAREDEVIL

and the **LITTLE WISE GUYS**

YIPPEEE!  
HERE WE GO,  
FELLERS! BACK  
INTO ACTION!  
HOT DIGGETY!

OH WHAT  
A BEAUTIFUL  
MORNING, OH WHAT  
A BEAUTIFUL  
DAY...

NOW THAT  
WE'RE BACK IN  
HARNES AGAIN, WISE  
GUYS, HOW ABOUT  
THREE BIG CHEERS  
FOR THE WONDERFUL  
PEOPLE WHO SEND  
US ALL THOSE  
LETTERS!

YOOO HOOO!

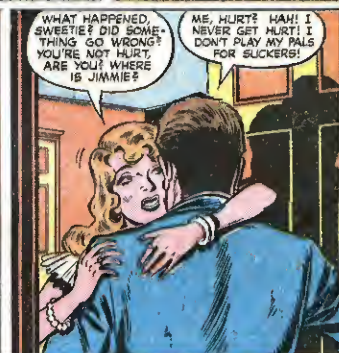
SWELL!  
THREE HIP-  
HIP HOORAYS—  
LET'S GO!

Story by  
**CHARLES  
BIRO**

WHAT HAPPENS TO DAREDEVIL'S TEMPORARY IDENTITY AS THE PROFESSOR WILL BE EXPLAINED IN THE NEXT ISSUE! MEANWHILE, TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN, AND NEITHER DOES THIS DAREDEVIL ADVENTURE, WHICH HAS TO BE TOLD NOW! IN THE NEXT ISSUE, DAREDEVIL WILL FOREVER DISCARD THE NAME "BART HILL"! WHO HE DOES BECOME AND WHAT HIS NEW AND PERMANENT IDENTITY AND APPEARANCE WILL BE, IS WORTHY OF A LONGER STORY THAN THE PAGES REMAINING IN THIS ISSUE WILL ALLOW!

*Charles Biro*







THAT'S JUST WHAT JIMMIE ASKED ME, TOO! I TOLD HIM I HAD SOMETHING DOWN BY THE RIVER. I WANTED TO SHOW HIM! WE STARTED ACROSS THE FIELD TOGETHER!



"WHEN WE GOT OUT OF SIGHT, I PULLED MY ROD ON HIM! AT FIRST HE THOUGHT I WAS FOOLING WHEN I TOLD HIM TO GET ON HIS KNEES AND START PRAYIN'!"

GET ON YOUR KNEES! WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?



"SO I PUT A SLUG IN HIS SHOULDER, JUST HIGH ENOUGH UP SO HE WOULDN'T CROAK OR PASS OUT! THAT GOT HIM DOWN ON HIS KNEES FAST!"

ON YOUR KNEES, I SAID! HEY! YOU ARE SERIOUS! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



"HE REALLY BEGAN BEGGIN'! YOU SHOULD'VE HEARD HIM! 'WHATCHA DOIN' THIS TO ME FOR?' HE SAYS! AS IF HE DIDN'T KNOW! I GIVE HIM ANOTHER SLUG IN THE GUTS THIS TIME!"

I TELL YA, YOU'RE NUTS, SMOKEY! HAVE A HEART, WILL YA? YOU'RE ALL WRONG ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN'!



"THAT REALLY GOT HIM! HE CRAWLED AT MY FEET--AND SHOOK LIKE JELLY...PRAY, I TOLD HIM... 'BEG REAL HARD AN' I MAY WAIT FOR A WHILE BEFORE I GIVE YOU ANOTHER!'"

BEG, YOU GREASY SCUM, BEG! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD!

DON'T! PLEASE, SMOKEY! WE WORK GOOD TOGETHER! DON'T DO IT, SMOKEY, PLEASE DON'T! DON'T!



STOP! STOP! DON'T TELL ME ANY MORE! I CAN'T STAND IT! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

YOU SHUT UP! YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN AN' LIKE IT! I AIN'T FINISHED YET!

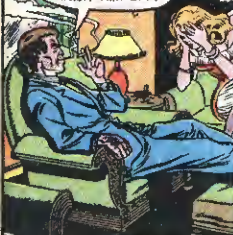


THERE'S MORE TO IT, AN' YOU'RE GONNA HEAR EVERY WORD OF IT!

OH! UGH! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, SMOKEY? OW! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL LISTEN!



YOU JUST SIT THERE AN' KEEP YER MOUTH SHUT! WHERE WAS I? OH, YEAH, LIKE I WAS SAYIN'—I WAS IN NO HURRY! THEN I GAVE HIM ANOTHER SLUG IN THE CHEST—I'M REAL CAREFUL TO MISS HIS HEART! THEN ANOTHER IN THE BELLY! THEN HE BEGINS BEGGIN' ME TO GIVE HIM MORE TO FINISH HIM OFF!

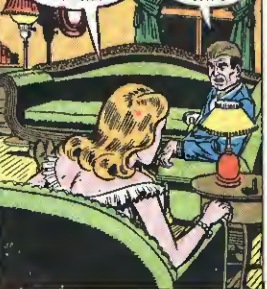


INSTEAD, I PUT THE LAST BULLET IN HIS JAW! THEN I SPOKE MY PIECE AND LEFT HIM TO DIE THERE—SLOW AN' ALONE! HE'S PROBABLY CROAKED BY NOW!



YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE, SMOKEY—WHY DID YOU DO IT? HE WAS YOUR BEST FRIEND!

WHO ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? DON'T HAND ME THAT DUMB ACT! YOU KNOW WHY!



HONEST, SMOKEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT!

YOU MUST THINK I'M BLIND! WHAT KIND OF A SUCKER DID YOU AN' JIMMIE TAKE ME FOR? GO AHEAD, ACT DUMB—MAYBE HE WASN'T MAKIN' A PLAY FOR YOU—NOT MUCH! AN' NOW I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU!



NO! NO! DON'T! SMOKEY! IT'S NOT TRUE! JIMMIE AND I DIDN'T...

NO ONE TWO-TIMES ME! NO ONE! YOU THOUGHT I WAS TOO DUMB TO NOTICE, DIDN'T YA! NOW WHO'S THE SUCKER—YOU OR ME?



SMOKEY! PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T!

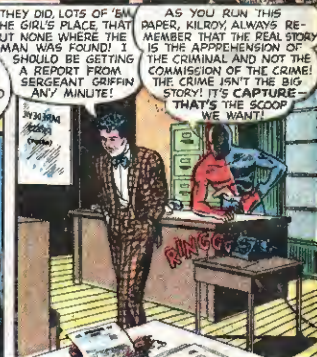
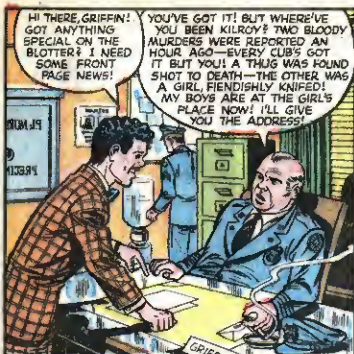
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! START BEGGIN'—JUST LIKE HIM!



SMOKEY! I'LL NEVER LOOK AT ANYONE—NEVER! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, SMOKEY—YOU GOTTA!

WELL, I DON'T, SEE, SO SAVE YOUR BREATH, YA TRAMP! 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO YA NO MATTER WHAT!







THAT'S HIM! HE GOT OFF EASY ON HIS LAST CONVICTION! THE EVIDENCE ON HIM WAS TOO FLIMSY, BUT HE'S ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS AND SADISTIC KILLERS I'VE EVER COME ACROSS!

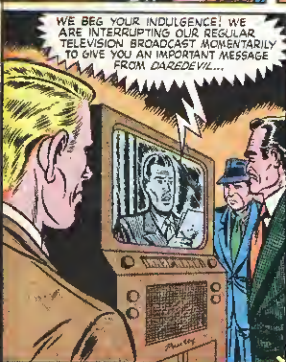
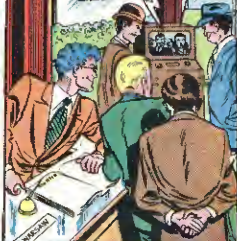
THAT'S A GOOD ANGLE FOR MY COPY! IF I HURRY, I CAN GET IT IN THE LATE EDITION, DAREDEVIL!

THAT WON'T HIT THE STANDS UNTIL MIDNIGHT! THIS CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!

BUT DAREDEVIL—WHAT OTHER WAY CAN WE GET THE PUBLIC TO WATCH FOR HIM!

HOW CAN I PROVE MY LOVE FOR YOU, DEAREST?

DROP DEAD!



WE BEG YOUR INDULGENCE! WE ARE INTERRUPTING OUR REGULAR TELEVISION BROADCAST MOMENTARILY TO GIVE YOU AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DAREDEVIL...



I AM APPEALING TO THE TELEVISION AUDIENCE TO AID THE POLICE IN THE CAPTURE OF THE MANIACAL KILLER, SMOKEY FRUND, AN ESCAPED INMATE OF THE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!



HERE IS HIS PICTURE... HE IS 5 FEET, 7 INCHES... DARK... STOCKY... HE HAS A TWITCH IN HIS LEFT EYE!

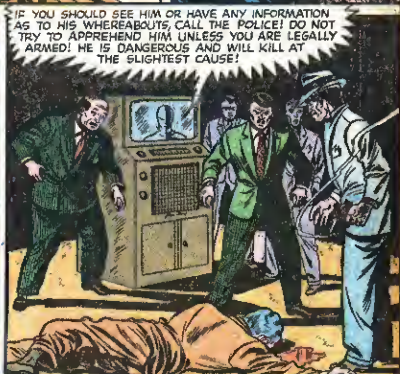


I'D LIKE A SINGLE...

UH...OH SURE! I'VE GOT ONE FOR \$4.50 WITH BATH! WILL YOU SIGN THE REGISTER, PLEASE?



ANOTHER DISTINGUISHING FEATURE IS A SCAR ABOUT THREE INCHES LONG ON THE BACK OF HIS RIGHT HAND...







HEY, LARRY! THAT GUY RUNNING THERE IS A KILLER! HE JUST SHOT OUR DESK CLERK! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A COP! HURRY!



YOU FIND THE COP? I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT, NOT IF I'M GONNA FOLLOW HIM!



HE'S RUNNING ON THE SIDEWALK! IF HE'D ONLY COME INTO THE GUTTER, I COULD KNOCK HIM DOWN!



I JUST GOTTA TAKE THIS CHANCE! I'LL GET HIM IF I CAN KEEP THIS CRATE UNDER CONTROL!



I COULD FLATTEN YOU LIKE A PANCAKE, YOU BUM! BUT KILLIN' AIN'T IN MY LINE!

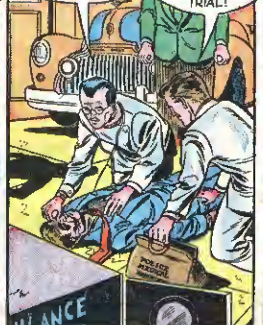


HE'S A KILLER! NO FOOLIN'! I'M NOT KIDDIN' YOU! ASK THE DOORMAN AT THE BENTLEY!

O.K., I BELIEVE YOU! BUT WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S STILL ALIVE! CALL AN AMBULANCE, WILL YA, CABBIE, WHILE I KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!

HE'LL LIVE, ALL RIGHT! JUST A FRACTURED SHOULDER, A FEW BRUISES AND CONCUSSION!

GOOD! THIS IS ONE GUY I'D HATE TO SEE GET OUT OF STANDING TRIAL!



DAREDEVIL PRESS  
CABBIE CAPTURE  
KILLER

TELEVISION BROADCAST BY DAREDEVIL RESULTS IN IMMEDIATE CAPTURE OF DANGEROUS HOWDOL MANIAC—LARRY POTTES, A CAB DRIVER, SHOWED KEEN PRESENCE OF MIND















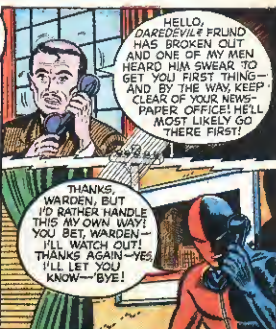


OPERATOR!! GET ME THROUGH TO THE GOVERNOR!! IT'S URGENT! WHAT DO YOU WANT, HUDSON?



IT'S ABOUT SMOKEY FRUND AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN HE WAS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL! HE SWARE HE'D GET OUT--AND THE FIRST THING HE'D DO WOULD BE TO KILL DAREDEVIL! I THINK WE OUGHT TO TELL HIM TO WATCH OUT!

THANKS, HUDSON! I'LL TRY TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM!



HELLO, DAREDEVIL! FRUND HAS BROKEN OUT AND ONE OF MY MEN HEARD HIM SWEAR TO GET YOU FIRST THING--AND BY THE WAY, KEEP CLEAR OF YOUR NEWS-PAPER OFFICE! HE'LL MOST LIKELY GO THERE FIRST!

THANKS, WARDEN, BUT I'D RATHER HANDLE THIS MY OWN WAY! YOU BET, WARDEN--I'LL WATCH OUT! THANKS AGAIN--YES, I'LL LET YOU KNOW--BYE!



KILROY, I WANT YOU TO SEND EVERYONE IN OUR BUILDING HOME! EVERY-ONE, EVEN THE WATCHMAN!

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE NUTTY? THE PRESSES ARE READY TO ROLL! GIVE ME A GOOD REASON WHY, FIRST!



FRUND'S CRACKED OUT AND HE'S ON HIS WAY OVER HERE TO KILL ME! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO GET HURT! THAT SCREWBALL MIGHT TRY TO BLOW UP THE PLACE! ANYWAY, THIS IS BETWEEN FRUND AND ME, SO PLEASE DO AS I SAY, KILROY!

BUT YOU'LL LET ME STAY?



NOPE! NO ONE STAYS AND THAT GOES FOR THE WISE GUYS, TOO! FRUND IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING, AND TOO NUTS TO BE PREDICTABLE! NOW BE A GOOD GUY AND CLEAR EVERYONE OUT! BUT DON'T TELL THEM WHY!



HEY! WHAT'S UP, KILROY? SOME SPECIAL KIND OF HOLIDAY? EVERY-ONE'S GOIN' HOME! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

D.D. ASKED ME NOT TO SAY ANYTHING--IF YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HIS PAL, HOW COME HE SUDDENLY REFUSES YOUR HELP!

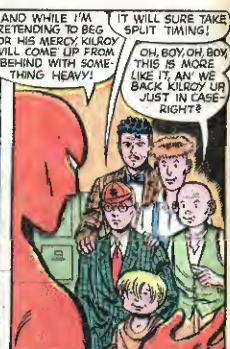
YES, BUT YOU STILL DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT IT'S ABOUT!

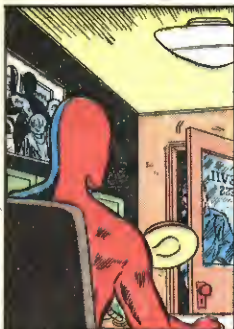


SMOKEY FRUND'S BUSTED OUT AN' HE'S ON HIS WAY OVER TO GET EVEN WITH D.D.!

WHAT! D.D. CAN'T DO THAT TO US--NO SIR! WAIT TILL I TELL THE BOYS--THEY'RE NOT GONNA LIKE IT! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, KILROY, SO DON'T LET D.D. LOCK US OUT!







WHAT IS IT, FRUND?  
WH...WHAT DO YOU  
WANT HERE?  
MONEY? IS THIS  
A STICK-UP?

NAW! YOU'LL WISH  
IT WAS WHEN I GET  
FINISHED WITH YOU!  
I COME TO KILL  
YOU, DAREDEVIL!

KILL ME?  
BUT WHY?

YOU HAD ME SENT UP  
TO THAT ASYLUM THREE  
YEARS AGO! I SHOULD  
KILLED YOU WHEN I ES-  
CAPED, BUT I GOT SIDE-  
TRACKED! NOW YOU'VE  
CROSSED MY PATH AGAIN,  
SO THAT GIVES ME TWO  
SCORES TO SETTLE  
WITH YOU!

FRUND, BE SENSIBLE!  
YOU STILL STAND A  
CHANCE OF PLEADING  
INSANITY IF YOU GIVE  
YOURSELF UP, BUT  
IF YOU KILL ME,  
YOU'RE A DEAD  
DUCK!

DON'T MAKE  
ME LAUGH!  
YOU DON'T  
SOUND  
SCARED  
ENOUGH, DARE-  
DEVIL! GET  
OUTTA THAT  
CHAIR!



WAIT A MINUTE,  
FRUND! HAVE A  
HEART! YOU'RE NOT  
REALLY GOING TO  
KILL ME?

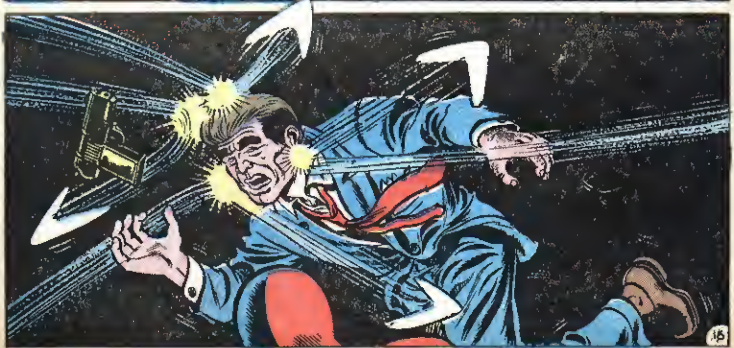
SURE I AM! NICE AN'  
SLOW...SO YOU GET LOTS  
OF TIME TO LEARN TO  
BE GOOD AND SCARED  
OF ME! GET DOWN  
ON YOUR KNEES!

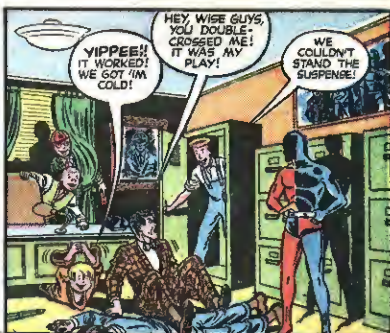
PLEASE, SMOKEY!  
I'LL GIVE YOU ANY-  
THING YOU WANT—  
MONEY, A  
HIDEAWAY!

HAVIN' THE GREAT  
DAREDEVIL DOWN  
ON HIS KNEES BEGGIN'  
ME, FRUND, FOR MERCY  
IS WORTH MORE  
THAN DOUGH! KEEP  
IT UP!











# IF I KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW-

I AM EIGHTEEN AND WAS CONVICTED FOR A THEFT AND SENT TO SONOMA STATE DETENTION HOME. I OWE MY THANKS TO A KIND LADY HERE WHO GAVE ME CRIME DOES NOT PAY TO READ. IT MADE ME SEE HOW ALL CRIMINALS END UP, AND CURED ME. NOW I HOLD NO GRUDGES, EVEN AGAINST THE PERSONS THAT COMMITTED ME HERE. I WANT TO LET OTHERS KNOW IN THE HOPE THAT THEY WILL NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE I DID.

L. L.  
VALLEJO,  
CALIFORNIA

I'M SERVING FIVE YEARS FOR ROBBERY AND ASSAULT IN THE TEXAS PRISON. IF I HAD READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY SOONER, I WOULD NOT BE HERE TODAY. PLEASE PRINT THIS IF YOU CAN—IT MIGHT KEEP SOME OTHER BOYS OUT OF PRISON.

TEX  
#105266  
S. F. I. #2  
SUGARLAND  
TEXAS

EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN OUT OF REFORM SCHOOL, I'VE BEEN READING CRIME DOES NOT PAY. EVERYBODY SHOULD READ YOUR VERY GOOD BOOK.

R. L. P.

SEND US  
PRESENT  
ADDRESS

I AM DOING TIME FOR A CRIME I COMMITTED. MY DEEPEST REGRET IS THAT I WAS NOT FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO READ YOUR MAGAZINE BEFORE I MADE MY FATAL ERROR. MY GREATEST THANKS FOR BRINGING SUCH A GREAT BOOK INTO THE LIVES OF AMERICANS.

H. L. W.  
MARYLAND HOUSE  
OF CORRECTION  
JESSUPS, MD.

I WAS CONVICTED OF SHOP-LIFTING. MY PRIEST SUGGESTED CRIME DOES NOT PAY AS MY READER. YOUR MAGAZINE MADE ME REALIZE THE TRUTH OF ITS MEANING. I HAVE YOUR FINE BOOK TO THANK FOR THE CHANGE IN ME.

A. F.  
BOSTON,  
MASS.

A GOOD PORTION OF MY LIFE WAS SPENT IN JOLIET PRISON. ON MY RELEASE, I GOT MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN—I NOW HAVE A JOB HOME, AND I AM A VOTER. I'M SORRY I EVER COMMITTED THAT CRIME, BUT NOW I KNOW THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

J. J.  
CHICAGO,  
ILLINOIS

I'M DEEPLY SORRY I DIDN'T READ CRIME DOES NOT PAY BEFORE I WAS CONVICTED OVER THREE YEARS AGO. I SERVED 1 1/2 YEARS. I AM NOW WORKING AND GOING STRAIGHT. THANKS FOR YOUR MAGAZINE—IT PROVES TO EVERYONE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

J. B. F.  
MERIDAN,  
CONN.

UPON THE REQUEST OF MOST OF THE SIGNATORIES, WE ARE WITH-HOLDING THEIR FULL NAMES AND STREET ADDRESSES.

OUT OF THE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT WE, THE EDITORS OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CONTINUALLY RECEIVE, WE'VE SELECTED HUNDREDS OF SUCH AS THESE. WITH SOME PRIDE WE PRESENT A FEW OF THEM HERE.

# KILLERS ARE ALWAYS STUPID!

## A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

**W**AIT 'till the papers get hold of this one! Margaret Black, famous writer, photographer and international beauty, murdered on the estate of Bret Hatch, one of the richest young men in America! You're in the middle of a sensation, Crandell," said *Crimebuster*, as the big car swung off the main highway onto a winding road.

"I'm always in the middle of something," grunted Inspector Crandell. "But at least this time it looks fairly simple: Hatch says he saw the whole thing. Maybe we can clear it up in a hurry."

The car slowed and then turned to whirl between two massive stone gateposts. The figure of a man was brightly outlined in the glare of the headlights as the car braked to a stop on the gravel.

"There's Hatch now," said Crandell. He leaned out the window. "Inspector Crandell, Mr. Hatch, what are you doing out here?"

Hatch, a disheveled young man of about thirty, moved quickly to the side of the car. "Thank heavens you've come, Inspector. I was about out of my mind. I'm out here because this is where it happened. That is, in the gatehouse over there, where Stagg lived."

Crandell and *Crimebuster* climbed out, peering at the dark bulk of the stone building beside the drive. "I notice you say 'lived,' Mr. Hatch, 'Is he gone, then?'"

"I—I guess I was pretty mixed up on the phone, Inspector," answered the young man. "You see, after—after he shot Margaret, he killed himself."

"That makes it just dandy," muttered Crandell. "Well, come on—we might as well take a look at them."

"I'm afraid you'll have to get some of your men to break the door down, Inspector." Hatch made a wide gesture. "The whole estate is built to resemble a feudal castle. The gatehouse has barred windows and the door is heavy oak, reinforced by strips of iron."

As Crandell gave the necessary orders, Hatch turned to *Crimebuster*. "Better stay here by the car till they get the door open. It's awfully dark out there, and there's no sense tripping over things."

In a moment Crandell was back. "From the looks of that door, it will take my boys some time to crack it. You might as well tell us the story while we're waiting, Mr. Hatch."

Hatch lit a cigarette nervously, and sat on the edge of the running board. "Well, it all started about a week ago," he began. "The family invited Margaret—Miss Black—to stay with us for awhile. I had never met her, but after she'd been here three days, I was fascinated. She was just as charming and beautiful as everyone said she'd be. We got along very well, too, until—" He frowned, and ground his cigarette under his heel. "Well, until she met our chauffeur, Stagg," he went on rapidly. "For some strange reason, she seemed attracted to him."

"What do you know about this man?" *Crimebuster* raised his voice to be heard, as the sound of axe blows on the heavy door increased.

"Nothing much," answered Hatch. "My sister found him somewhere, and hired him because he looked well in a uniform. Or so she said. All the women seemed to think he was good looking, but I couldn't see it. He was a tall, blond fellow about my age, and rather arrogant, for my money. He claimed to have been a paratrooper, and seemed to have been just about everywhere. I think my sister was in love with him, and then Margaret—well, she was so adventurous, you know. At first they had long talks about places they'd both been, and then I noticed a few days ago that it seemed to be growing into much more than just that."

Hatch lit another cigarette, and then looked straight at Crandell. "I might as well admit it—I was jealous. It annoyed me to think of Margaret wasting her time on a nobody like that. I tried to have him fired, but by that time even my mother had become attached to him, and she wouldn't let him go."

"Well, finally, Margaret began to get the habit of taking long walks. By herself, she said, but I suspected she was meeting Stagg. So tonight—I followed her."

He glanced at the gatehouse and shuddered. "I wish very much that I hadn't," he said quietly.

Crandell frowned. "Get on with the story, if you don't mind, Mr. Hatch."

"Of course," answered the young man. "Mar-



garet went down the drive, and in a few seconds she met Stagg. He kissed her, and then they talked for a while, but I wasn't close enough to hear anything. Then they strolled down here to the gatehouse."

Hatch hesitated, and then went on, his voice low. "I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was so jealous that I climbed to the first limb of a low tree, and watched them through the window:

"The window was closed, but I could see them through the bars. And it wasn't long before I could hear them, or him, anyway. He was screaming at the top of his voice that if she didn't marry him, he wouldn't be responsible for his actions; but she seemed perfectly calm. It looked as if she were trying to talk him out of it.

"Suddenly he rushed from the room. Margaret got her coat, and seemed to be preparing to leave, then back he came in a terrible rage, with a gun in his hand. I was horrified. But before I could move or even yell, he raised the gun and fired, not a foot from her head. She fell to the floor. He stood there, staring down at her, while I was still frozen in the tree. Then slowly, still staring down at poor Margaret, he raised the gun to his own head, and fired.

"Well, that brought me out of my trance. I rushed to the door but it was locked. Then I went to the window, pulled myself up by the bars and broke the window to call in to Margaret, but there was no answer, and I could see that both of them had been shot in the temple and must be dead. So then—I went up to the house to call you, and came back here to meet you. That's the whole story."

"It must have been pretty tough to take," murmured Crandell. "Well, I guess the boys have about taken care of that door by now—let's go have a look."

As the three walked towards the house, a particularly loud smashing blow confirmed Crandell's statement. "There she goes, Inspector," called one of the men. "You can get in now."

Crandell mounted the few steps, followed by *Crimebuster* and Hatch. He flashed his light into the dark hall. "Where's the light switch, Hatch?"

Hatch reached around on the inside wall to the left of the door. "Right here somewhere," he answered. "Ah, there it is."

As the sombre interior of the feudal-like hallway became visible, Hatch led the way to the door at the far end. He opened the door, reached in and touched another light switch and stepped aside. "There you are. This is where they—this is the living room."

The scene was exactly as Hatch had described it. Side by side on the dark rug lay the body of lovely Margaret Black and a handsome, blond young man. Both had been shot in the right temple. There could be no doubt as to their condition. The unnatural stillness of the bodies fairly shouted of death.

Crandell bent to carefully pick up the gun, lying close to the outstretched hand of the young

man. "This is a clear cut case, anyway," he muttered.

*Crimebuster* turned to Hatch. "I'd like to check one point, if you don't mind. You say you were watching from outside the window at the exact time that these two people died?"

Hatch wore a puzzled frown. "That's right. I thought I explained—"

"And neither of them moved after they were shot?" *Crimebuster's* voice was casual. "In other words, the bodies are still in the same position they were when they fell?"

"That's right," answered Hatch, annoyed. "Exactly as they are now."

*Crimebuster* turned to Crandell. "In that case, Crandell," he said quietly, "I suggest that you arrest Mr. Hatch for wilful, premeditated murder. Two murders, in fact!"

Crandell frowned but before he could speak Hatch leaped to face *Crimebuster*. "Why, you idiot! I ought to strangle you with my bare hands," he shouted. "What fantastic stupidity—accusing me of murder!"

"The stupidity is yours, Mr. Hatch," answered *Crimebuster*. As he spoke, Crandell, knowing by experience that *Crimebuster* was seldom wrong, quietly placed the gun he was holding on the table and reached for his handcuffs.

"Your story would be hard to crack, except for one very stupid and very obvious error," *Crimebuster* went on. "If, as you say, Stagg shot Miss Black and then himself, and also, as you further said, both of them died instantly and exactly in the position that we find them now—*who* turned the lights off?"

In the silence, the jangle of Crandell's handcuffs seemed unnaturally loud. Hatch stared stupidly at *Crimebuster* as he continued.

"Obviously, the lights would have to be on for you to have seen what you claim to have seen. But they were out when we arrived, because you didn't see anything of the kind. You turned them out automatically when you left the house and locked the door behind you, after murdering Stagg and Miss Black!"

Hatch stood frozen for a moment, but then, as Crandell silently moved toward him with the handcuffs, his eyes flickered sideways for just an instant. But that instant was enough for *Crimebuster*. As Hatch leaped for the gun lying on the table, *Crimebuster's* hand shot out, and Hatch was stopped in motion as though he had run headlong into a stone wall. Hatch struggled furiously for a moment, and then went limp in defeat.

"Is this admission of guilt enough for you, Crandell? I think Mr. Hatch will be ready to talk sensibly now," said *Crimebuster*.

"You see, Hatch, *killers are always stupid*," said *Crimebuster*, as Crandell snapped on the steel cuffs. "They always make stupid mistakes, and all of them are stupid to kill in the first place, anyway. They just *can't* win—but in their stupidity they refuse to believe it. Except, of course, after it's been proven to them, as it has to you."

THE END

# BASEBALL TEST

ARE YOU A BIG LEAGUER OR A BUSH LEAGUER? HOW'S YOUR BASEBALL I.Q.? PLAY BALL—SEE WHAT YOUR BATTING AVERAGE WILL BE! CHECK EACH QUESTION A, B, OR C, THEN TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN—AND DON'T LET THE PICTURES FOOL YOU!

1. THE PITCHER'S BOX IS....  
☐ A. EQUALLY DISTANT FROM SECOND BASE AND HOME PLATE.  
☐ B. CLOSER TO HOME PLATE THAN SECOND BASE.  
☐ C. CLOSER TO SECOND BASE THAN HOME PLATE.



2. WHO IS KNOWN AS THE CLOWN PRINCE OF BASEBALL?  
☐ A. BABE HERMAN.  
☐ B. AL SCHACHT.  
☐ C. LEO DUROCHER.



3. THE LONGEST GAME EVER PLAYED IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES WAS A 26 INNING 1-1 TIE THAT TOOK PLACE ON MAY 1, 1920, BETWEEN THE BROOKLYN DODGERS AND THE....  
☐ A. PITTSBURGH PIRATES.  
☐ B. PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES.  
☐ C. BOSTON BRAVES.



4. "LONG PANTS" IS A NICK-NAME FOR WHAT FAMOUS BALL PLAYER?

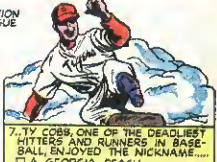
- ☐ A. CARL HUBBELL.  
☐ B. MEL OTT.  
☐ C. PETE REISER.

5. WHAT IS A PEPPER GAME?  
☐ A. A BALL GAME THAT SEESAWES BACK AND FORTH IN A CLOSE SCORE.  
☐ B. SEVERAL PLAYERS AND ONE BATTER ENGAGE IN A PRACTICE BUNTING GAME.  
☐ C. A TYPE OF BASEBALL ORIGINATED BY PEPPER MARTIN.



6. WHAT IS THE REGULATION WEIGHT OF A BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL?

- ☐ A. 5 OUNCES.  
☐ B. 10 OUNCES.  
☐ C. 7 OUNCES.



7. TY COBB, ONE OF THE DEADLIEST HITTERS AND RUNNERS IN BASEBALL, ENJOYED THE NICKNAME....

- ☐ A. GEORGIA PEACH.  
☐ B. THE FIGHTING TIGER.  
☐ C. WONDER BOY.

8. WHO, IN 1934, MUST HAVE REGRETTED ASKING THE QUESTION, "WHAT BROOKLYN STILL IN THE LEAGUE?"

- ☐ A. DIZZY DEAN.  
☐ B. BILL TERRY.  
☐ C. FRANKIE FRISCH.



9. THE BATTER HITS A FOUL FLY. THE RUNNER ON SECOND REACHES THIRD. BEFORE HE HAS TIME TO GET BACK TO SECOND, THE PITCHER DELIVERS THE BALL TO THE NEXT BATTER, WHO HITS SAFELY.

- ☐ A. THE RUNNER MUST GO BACK TO SECOND BEFORE ADVANCING.  
☐ B. HE CAN CONTINUE RUNNING THE BASES, WITHOUT RETURNING TO SECOND.

- ☐ C. THE RUNNER IS AUTOMATICALLY PERMITTED TO TAKE ONLY ONE BASE, THAT IS, FROM SECOND TO THIRD BASE.



10. WHAT PRESENT-DAY PLAYER IS DUBBED "THE PEOPLE'S CHERCE"?

- ☐ A. BOB FELLER.  
☐ B. TED WILLIAMS.  
☐ C. OXIE WALKER.

SCORE YOURSELF A BATTING AVERAGE OF 100 POINTS FOR EACH CORRECT ANSWER. WITH AN AVERAGE OF .000 TO .200, YOU'RE A BENCH WARMER. FROM .300 TO .400, THERE'S A HOLE IN YOUR BAT. FROM .500 TO .600, YOU COULD BE A BIG LEAGUE BAT BOY. FROM .700 TO .800, YOU RATE A MAJOR LEAGUE TRYOUT. FROM .900 TO 1.000, YOU CAN PLAY ON OUR TEAM.

ANSWERS:

1. B  
 2. C  
 3. C  
 4. C  
 5. B  
 6. C  
 7. B  
 8. C  
 9. B  
 10. A

## STAMP PAGE by Sidney M. Elias

COFFEE to most of us is a drink taken with our food at meal times, but, to many people especially the Brazilians, it is their life's work, their livelihood, and their country's most important product. In appreciation of what coffee means to them, the Brazilian Government issued a special postage stamp in 1938, showing two bags of Brazilian coffee and a branch of the coffee tree with ripe, red berries.

Although Brazil produces two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee, approximately two billion pounds annually, many other nations located in Central and South America also produce millions of pounds annually. Colombia, with 325 million pounds per year is the second largest producer of coffee. The Colombians have for a number of years issued regular postage and air mail stamps featuring coffee

cultivation, coffee picking and coffee berries. In addition to these countries, Salvador, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Liberia, and others have printed postage stamps honoring coffee.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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Set..\$3.75** PLUS  
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# SNIFFER

AS WE LOOK IN AT THE SWANK ASTOR-VALDORIA HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY, THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NOTED SOCIETY OF PRESS AGENTS IS IN PROGRESS. THE TOASTMASTER IS CONCLUDING HIS REMARKS...

**PRESS AGENTS CLUB**

...AND NOW, FELLOW MEMBERS THE ANNOUNCEMENT YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! WHO HAS BEEN CHOSEN THIS YEAR FOR OUR INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS LIST OF 'CATCHY NAMES FOR CELEBRITIES'?

*Call HUBBELL*



THIS FAR, I NEED HARDLY REMIND YOU, OUR SELECTIONS HAVE MET WITH FANTASTIC POPULARITY! THE COUNTRY HAS WILDLY ACCLAIMED SUCH NAMES AS "THE LOOK," "THE VOICE," "THE SHAPE," "THE HAT," "THE GRIN," "THE SWOON," AND "THE BUILD!"

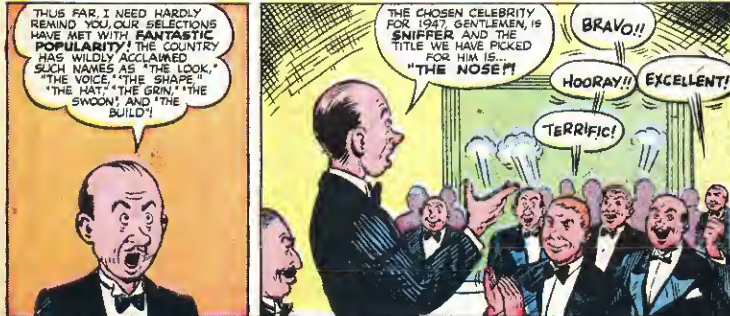
THE CHOSEN CELEBRITY FOR 1947, GENTLEMEN, IS **SNIFFER** AND THE TITLE WE HAVE PICKED FOR HIM IS... "THE NOSE!"

**BRAVO!!**

**HOORAY!!**

**EXCELLENT!**

**TERRIFIC!**





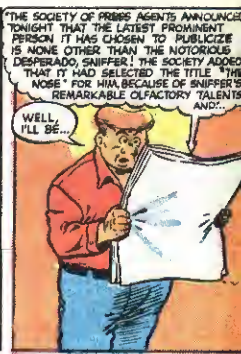


REE BOLAW  
BAHT SNIFFER  
WINNI TAHL  
EXTRY!!



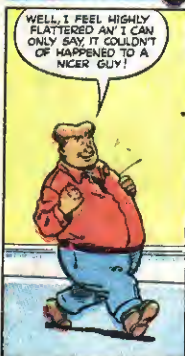
HOLY SMOKE!  
DAT KID TALKS LIKE  
HE GOT A MOUTHFUL  
OF MUSH! WHAT  
HAVE I WENT AN'  
DONE NOW?

HEY,  
KIDDO,  
GIMME ONE  
O' DEM  
PAPERS!



THE SOCIETY OF PRESS AGENTS ANNOUNCE  
TONIGHT THAT THE LATEST PROMINENT  
PERSON IT HAS CHOSEN TO PUBLICIZE  
IS NONE OTHER THAN THE NOTORIOUS  
DESPERADO, SNIFFER! THE SOCIETY ADDED  
THAT IT HAD SELECTED THE TITLE "THE  
NOSE" FOR HIM, BECAUSE OF SNIFFER'S  
REMARKABLE OLFACTORY TALENTS  
AND...

WELL,  
I'LL BE...



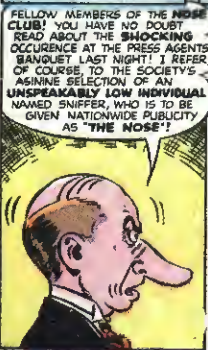
WELL, I FEEL HIGHLY  
FLATTERED AN' I CAN  
ONLY SAY, IT COULDN'T  
OF HAPPENED TO A  
NICER GUY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT AN  
EXCLUSIVE UPTOWN CLUB, AN  
IMPORTANT MEETING OF ALL THE  
MEMBERS IS HURRIEDLY CALLED!

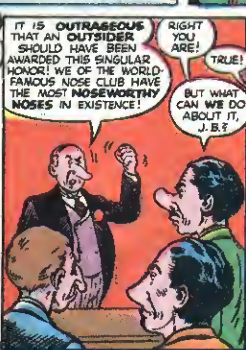


QUIET, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!  
HRRUMP! BURP! I NOW  
CALL THIS MEETING  
TO ORDER!

GET TO  
THE POINT,  
J.B.!



FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE NOSE  
CLUB! YOU HAVE NO DOUBT  
READ ABOUT THE SHOCKING  
OCCURRENCE AT THE PRESS AGENTS'  
BANQUET LAST NIGHT! I REFER,  
OF COURSE, TO THE SOCIETY'S  
ASININE SELECTION OF AN  
UNSPEAKABLY LOW INDIVIDUAL  
NAMED SNIFFER, WHO IS TO BE  
GIVEN NATIONALWIDE PUBLICITY  
AS "THE NOSE"!

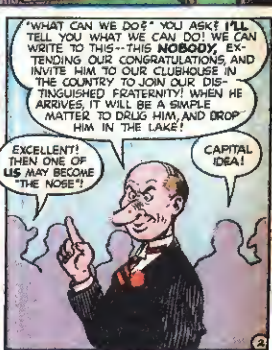


IT IS OUTRAGEOUS  
THAT AN OUTSIDER  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
AWARDED THIS SINGULAR  
HONOR! WE OF THE WORLD-  
FAMOUS NOSE CLUB HAVE  
THE MOST NOSEWORTHY  
NOSES IN EXISTENCE!

RIGHT  
YOU  
ARE!

TRUE!

BUT WHAT  
CAN WE DO  
ABOUT IT,  
J.B.?

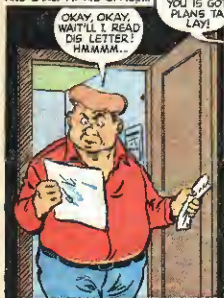


"WHAT CAN WE DO?" YOU ASK? I'LL  
TELL YOU WHAT WE CAN DO! WE CAN  
WRITE TO THIS--THIS NOBODY, EX-  
TENDING OUR CONGRATULATIONS, AND  
INVITE HIM TO OUR CLUBHOUSE IN  
THE COUNTRY TO JOIN OUR DIS-  
TINGUISHED FRATERNITY! WHEN HE  
ARRIVES, IT WILL BE A SIMPLE  
MATTER TO DRUG HIM, AND DROP  
HIM IN THE LAKE!

EXCELLENT!  
THEN ONE OF  
US MAY BECOME  
"THE NOSE"!

CAPITAL  
IDEA!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING  
SNIFFER ARRIVES BRIGHT  
AND EARLY AT HIS OFFICE...



C'MON! IN,  
KID! ME AN'  
YOU IS GOT  
PLANS TA  
LAY!

THE NOSE CLUB, Inc.

April 8, 1943

The Sniffer  
26 Riceschreiber St.  
New York City

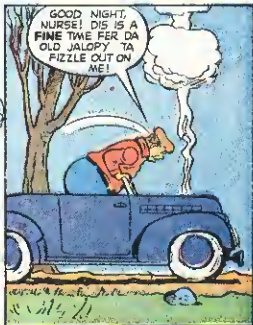
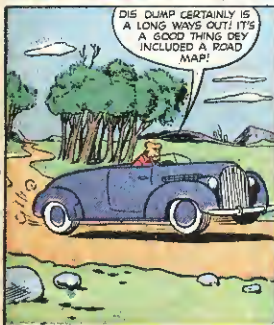
Dear Sir:

On behalf of the club, I wish  
to express our heartiest compliments  
and profound admiration to you for  
having been awarded the coveted and  
distinguished title of "The Nose".  
It is an honor of which any red-  
blooded man would be proud.  
I take pleasure in informing for  
you that you are being considered for  
membership in our society. The ad-  
vantages of being a member of so prom-  
inent an organization are, of course,  
obvious.  
Kindly come to our country club  
house this afternoon, bringing this  
invitation with you.

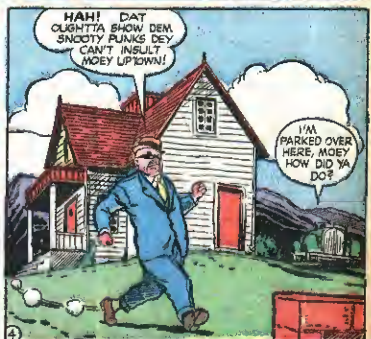
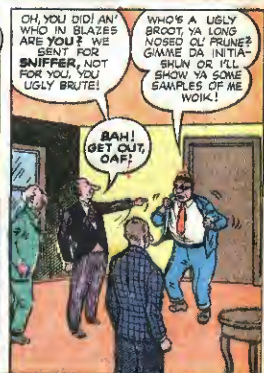
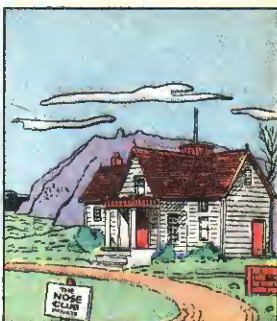
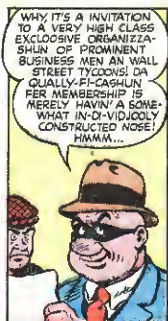
J.B.

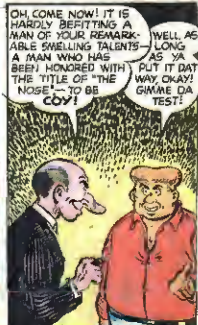
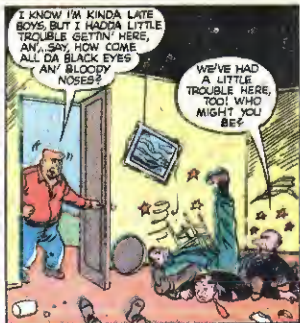
WELL, SO LONG,  
CRUSHER! I'LL  
SEE YOU  
LATER!

??? HUH?  
DAT SURE WAS  
A SHORT  
DAY!

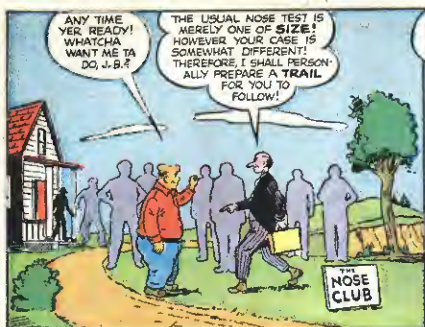




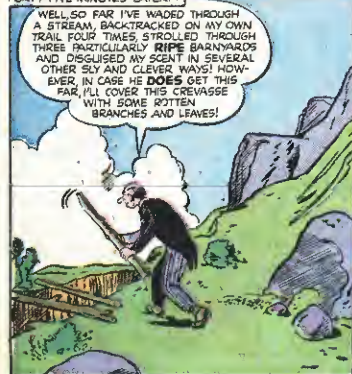


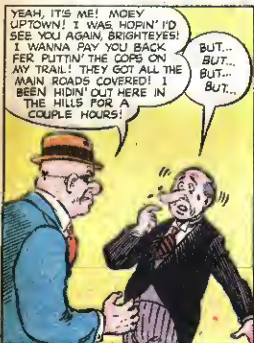
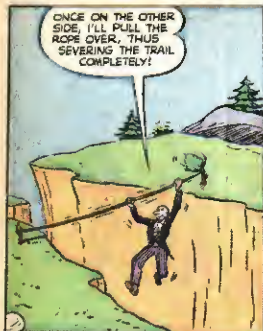




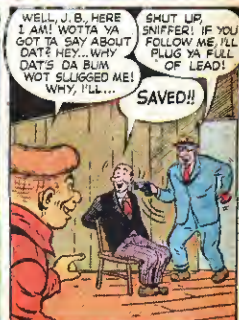
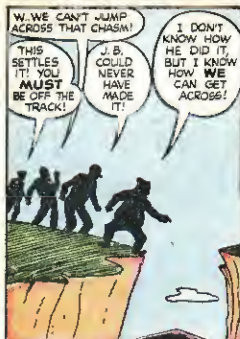


FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER...









**Look Mom!** FOR TOM, DICK AND HARRY . . .  
 . . . FOR SUSAN, JANE AND MARY!

# Mother Goose Polos

SIZES  
2-4-6

SIZES 2-4-6

**\$1.95**  
Postage Paid

3 ORIGINAL, 4-COLOR DESIGNS  
 "Little Boy Blue," "Woman in a Shoe"  
 "Three Little Pigs and Big Bad Wolf"

## CALLING ALL PARENTS, UNCLES, AUNTS!

If you want the thrill of seeing your youngster's eyes sparkle and face light up with joy — give him or her a Mother Goose Polo. Better yet, give a set! And they're so easy to keep daisy-fresh. Spun of high quality combed-cotton jersey, Mother Goose Polos are guaranteed color-fast and pre-shrunk. So whether you're a fond parent or a doting aunt or uncle, don't miss this chance to bring happiness to your loved, deserving youngster. Orders filled promptly — Money back if not delighted . . . and that's a promise!

**Here's More!** FOR THE OLDER GIRL AND BOY . . .  
 . . . TO WEAR WITH PRIDE AND JOY!

# Zippity-Zip Polos

SIZES  
8-10-12

**\$2.49**  
Postage Paid

3 ORIGINAL, 4-COLOR DESIGNS

"Follow the Ball" — "Ride 'Em Cowboy"  
 "Strike Up the Band"

When you send your youngster off to school or out to play in a Zippity-Zip Polo, you are giving him or her a chance to enjoy the thrill of being looked up to as a leader by playmates. A grateful, "Golly! Mom, they're terrific!" will repay you twice over.

Franklin Wells — Dept. P-1  
 218 W. Chicago Ave. — Chicago 10, Ill.

Price in Canada  
add 50¢  
No C.O.D.'s

Please rush the colorful Polos indicated below.

**BE SURE TO FILL IN QUANTITY, SIZE, COLOR AND STYLE**

**MOTHER GOOSE POLOS:** Available only in sizes 2, 4 and 6.  
☐ 1 for \$1.95      ☐ 2 for \$3.75      ☐ 3 for \$5.50

— "Woman in a Shoe" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_  
 — "3 Little Pigs" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_  
 — "Little Boy Blue" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_

**ZIPPITY-ZIP POLOS:** Available only in sizes 8, 10, and 12.  
☐ 1 for \$2.49      ☐ 2 for \$4.75      ☐ 3 for \$7.00

— "Ride 'em Cowboy" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_  
 — "Strike Up the Band" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_  
 — "Follow the Ball" in Sizes \_\_\_\_\_ White \_\_\_\_\_ Blue \_\_\_\_\_ Maize \_\_\_\_\_

My total order amounts to \_\_\_\_\_ Polos totaling \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I am enclosing total filled in above. Send Polos postpaid.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman total filled in, plus postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Please Print Clearly

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**YOU GET THIS FREE**

Jimmy and Sally  
 MOTHER GOOSE LAND

If you are not delighted with the polo shirts of your choice, you may keep this clever, colorful booklet absolutely free and return your purchase for a refund.





# THOUSANDS of MEN NOW Appear SLIMMER Feel BETTER Look YOUNGER

with *Commander*  
The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter



**MAKE THIS TEST →  
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS  
AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN**



## Commander Wearers all over America Say—

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. K.  
Muskegon, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. G. C. H.  
St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first

thing in the morning. Endowed to my stock for another."

J. C. McG.  
St. Paul, Minn.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. Might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

P. N.  
Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

**SEND FOR IT TODAY—USE THIS COUPON**

**10 DAY TRIAL  
SEND NO MONEY**

Wear **COMMANDER** ten days. If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

**ONLY**

**\$2.98**

SIZES 28 to 47

**SPECIAL LARGE SIZES, 48 to 60, \$3.98**

### INTRODUCTORY TEN DAY TRIAL OFFER

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. N837  
112 WEST 87th STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' trial. I will pay postman the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My weight measure..... My height is.....  
(Send giving the size of waist if measuring tape is not available.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.